eate his heart in the market place.

Bened. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bened. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweete Hero, she is wrongd, she is slaundred, shee is vndone.

Bened. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surely a princely testimonie, a goodly Counte, Counte Comfect, a sweete Gallant surely, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend woulde be a man for my sake! But manhoode is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turnd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tels a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bened. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

Beatrice Vse it for my loue some other way than swearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrongd Hero?

Beatrice Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bened. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so I leaue you: by this hand, Claudio shal render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so think of me: goe comforte your cosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.

Keeper Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton Which be the malefactors?

Andrew Mary that am I, and my partner.

Cowley Nay thats certaine, we haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton But which are the offenders? that are to be examined, let them come before maister constable.

Kemp Yea mary, let them come before mee, what is your name,

name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Ke. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.

Ke. Write downe maister gentleman Conrade: maisters, do you serue God?

Both Yea sir we hope.

Kem. Write downe, that they hope they serue God: and write God first, for God defend but God shoulde goe before such villaines: maisters, it is prooued already that you are little better than false knaues, and it will go neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your selues?

Con. Mary sir we say, we are none.

Kemp A maruellous witty fellowe I assure you, but I will go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your eare sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp Well, stand aside, fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe, that they are none?

Sexton Maister constable, you go not the way to examine, you must call foorth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp Yea mary, thats the eftest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name accuse these men.

Watch 1 This man said sir, that don Iohn the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp Write downe, prince Iohn a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Borachio Maister Constable.

Kemp Pray thee fellowe peace, I doe not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton What heard you him say else?

Watch 2 Mary that he had receiued a thousand duckats of don Iohn, for accusing the Ladie Hero wrongfully.

Kemp Flat burglarie as euer was committed.

Const. Yea by masse that it is.

Sexton What else fellow?